

Festum Voluptatis;

Or the

BANQUET
OF
PLEASURE;

FVRNISHED WITH MVCH

Variety of Speculations, Wittie, Pleasant,
and Delightfull.

Containing divers choyce Love-Posies,

Songs, Sonnets, Odes, Madrigals, Satyrs,

Epigrams, Epitaphs and
Elegies.

For varietie and pleasure the like never
before published.

Musica mentis, medicina mestis.

By S. P. Gent.

L O N D O N :

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the signe of the *Blue Bible* at *Holborne-
Bridge*. 1639.



TO
THE WORSHIPVLL
His much esteemd good Friend, Mr.
RICHARD PELHAM, Esquire,
S.P. Wifeth all happines and prosperity
here and hereafter.

WORTHY SIR,

A I may seeme something strange, that so
meane a Muse as mine, upon so unwor-
thy a Subject as this, should so rudely
dare to shelter it selfe under the prote-
ction of your Name, or intrude upon the censure of
so solid a judgement as resides in your brest; consid-
ering how conversant you daily are with raptures both
of a higher straine and better nature, dailiy proffered
to your view and censure: But the perswasion of
your courteous acceptation of such wild Olives as
these are (as of Plants which inoculated and pruned,
in time may produce more mature and delicious
fruities unto her fosterers) hath emboldned me to it;

To the Reader.

and shall therefore (I hope) be the better excused (though it want much of what I wish it had) because it flyes to you as a Refuge, under whose Hands it hath both security and warrant. Expect no quaint language nor fragrant Flowers of flowing Rhetorick, but such as use to proceed from springing youth, they are the wanton fruits of idle houres, and so happily cannoz yeeld that relish that may be expected from them. But yet your ingenuity and generous disposition assures the acceptation being the first fruits of my Muses springing.) And that you cherish them, that they dye not in their Bud, but (by your promptitude) may be preferred from the blast of envy, and the rot of time and oblivion. The perswasion of your liberall acceptation vouchsafed me, not onely ympes my Muses wings for a higher flight in the future, but rowes me to acknowledge my selfe now and ever

Your Worships most obsequiously

to be commanded,

S A M U E L P I C K.



To the Reader.

GENTLE READER,

Must now crave thy courteous acceptance of this small worthlesse Treatise: this is a granted *Maxime*, that a slander by hath (many times) better eyes than they that play the game; there is no man that cannot erre, well then may the poore endeavours of a young braine be pardoned. If thou shouldest here expect a lofty Scene, or Phrases deckt with embolished speeches, I am sorry I have given thee no bettter content, but (indeed) I must needs tell thee, Eloquence was never any part of my *Essence*. Pardon, I pray thee, my presumption, and protect me from those Cavelling finde-faults that never like well of any thing they see printed, though never so well compiled: What I have here done, I have done

To the Reader.

done to pleasure my friends, and thee, and not to make any profit by them ; wherefore my gentle Reader accept kindly, I pray thee, of all, and be not (as hard Censurers) hastie to blast young springing Blossomes in their tender Bud ; so shall I be obliged to the due observation of thy better content, and remaine

Thine at command,

S A M. P I C K E.



Author to his Booke.

Some hither Book take counsell, hee that goes
Into the world, meets with a world of foes.
Thy Mother was my Muse, a gentle Dame,
Who much ador'd Apollo's sacred Name;
Then being free-borne, know that thou art going
Int' a world of wits, still fresh, still growing:
Yet wonder not that I have got no friend
To write in thy behalfe: What! should I send
Thee like a Serving-man, with Letters & No,
The world shall see thee first, and seeing know
Whether thou merits praise: none shall have cause,
To be condemn'd offolly in the applause
Of thy harsh lines, the worst that can be thought,
Is this, that none would write they were ~~so~~ naught.
Alas, poore Booke! hunt not thou after praise,
Nor dare to stretch thy hand unto the Bayes
Vpon a Poets head: let it suffice
To thee and mee, the world doth us despise.
" 'Tis for a better Pen than mine, to say,
" I know 't is good, and if you lik't, you may.



POEMS.

To TIME.

Grade Censurer of Things, long since o'repast,
 Of present actions, and what shall be last,
 Think't not amisse, that my unlearned quill,
 Hath spent some minutes of thee, and so ill;
 Ile thanke thy present patience, and in time,
 My *Muse* may give thee thankes in better Rime.

To the READER.

Most welcome guest, to thee my homely Cates,
 If any thing my barren *Muse* relates,
 That may the palate of thy stomacke please,
 I wish't *Ambrosia*, though a pulce or pease;
 Here is no forc't, but voluntary dish,
 And should be better, had I but my wish.

B

To

To his worthy esteemed good Friend Mr. JOHN
 WADLAND (sonne of Mr. GEORGE WADLAND of
 Leicester) and to his vertuous Sisters, Mrs. ANNE
 WADLAND, Mrs. SUSANNA, Mrs.
 MARTHA, and Mrs. MARY
 WADLAND, &c.

When I forget to thinke on ye,
 My selfe must cease my selfe to be,
 For sooner may my flesh dissolve,
 And humid earth my bones involve ;
 Yea sooner shall the glorious Sunne,
 Loose its bright lustre, and the Moone,
 Rapt in sable Clouds of Night,
 Cease to give her silver light,
 Than I forget what your desert,
 Hath lively graven in my heart.

*Yours obliged to doe you
 service, S.P.*

To his singular good Friend Mr. THOMAS
 MOUSLEY.

If ever there were any, in whose love
 I counted my selfe happy, farre above
 The rate of common Friends, whose verball gloze
 More of false flattery, than true friendship shewes,
 'Twas

'Twas in thy selfe, and that thrice happy day,
Wherein my heart did by mine eyes survey,
Approve thy matchlesse worth, and give consent,
To knit our hearts within one Ligament.

Tours, vowed till death,

S. P.

To his affectionate good Friend, Master
WILLIAM SYKES.

SIR, unto you (in faith) I'm much indebted,
For undeserved love from you received,
My debt's a debt, to pay't I know not how,
The more I pay, the more still I doe owe.

To his loving Friend, Mr. BARTHOLOMEW
WOLLOCKE.

NO sooner doe I thinke on thee, but streight
My Muse growes frolique, and as if kind fate,
Had to thy Name, annext a power t'infuse
Life in the deadest, dullest, slowest Muse,
She then begins to revell it, and soare
A higher pitch then ere she flew before ;
At least my thoughts suggest so, for I'm sure,
I finde my spirits nimbler, and more pure :
My Verse flowes ranker, and if this
May argue truth in ought, then so it is.

*To his kinde Friend, Master GEORGE
BROOKE.*

Sith on my worthiest Friends I now doe muse,
how should my Muse to mind you, once neglect?
Sith you are such, then should she but abuse,
should she not use you with all due respect.

Yours, at command,

S. P.

*To his loving Friend, Master TIMOTHY
ANGLEY.*

Your large, compleat, solid sufficiencie,
Hid in the veile of your wise modesty;
Your quaint, neat Learning, your acute, quick wit,
And sincere heart for great imployments fit:
But stay, I have not time here to relate
Of your desert, what truely might be spake;
I will referre it till another time,
And I my selfe your servant will combine.

your affecking friend,

S. P.

To his deare Mistriu, H. P.

Let but thy beauteous eye look on this Line,
And see as in thy Glasse thy beauty shine,
Which beauty, Nature gave thee, to disgrace
Our latter Artists, that make up a face,
Of seeming beauty, for to blind such eyes,
As with *Pigmalion* them doe Idolize,
Should I not praise, what I praise-worthy see,
I should doe wrong to Nature and to Thee ;
Yet while I speake thee faire, so short I come
Of thy perfections, that I'm deem'd by some,
To light the burning Sun, yet from my hand,
Receive this graine unto thy heape of sand.

Loves Hyperboles.

If Love had lost his shafts, and *Love* downe threw,
His thunder-bolts, or spent his forked fire,
They onely might recover'd be anew,
From out my heart crosse wounded with desire ;
Or if debate by *Mars* were lost a space,
It might be found within the self-same place.

If *Neptunes* waves were all dry'd up and gone,
My weeping eyes so many teares distill,
That greater Seas might grow by them alone,
Or if no flame were yet remaining still,

6 *Love-Poies, Sonnets, Odes,*

In *Vulcans Forge*, he might from out my brest,
Make choyce of such as would befit him best.

If *Aeole* were deprived of his charge,
Yet soone could I restore his winds againe,
By sobbing sighs, which forth I blow at large,
To move her minde that pleasures in my paine.

What man but I, could thus incline his will,
To live in love, that hath no end of ill.

*His Mistris Eyes serve CUPID both for
Darts and Fire.*

T *O*ft have I mus'd the cause to finde,
Why Love in Ladies eyes doth dwell,
I thought, because himselfe was blind,
Hee lookt that they should guide him well :
And since his hope but seldome failes,
For Love by Ladies eyes prevaines.

But time at last hath taught me wit,
Although I bought my wit full deare,
For by her eyes my heart is hit,
Deepe is the wound, though none appeare,
Their glancing beames as Darts he throwes,
And sure hee hath no shafts but those.

I mus'd to see thèir eyes so bright,
And little thought they had been fire,
I gaz'd upon them with delight,
But that delight hath bred desire :

What

What better place can Love require,
Then that where grow both shafts and fire?

To his Miftris, who had vowed Virginity.

Even as my hand, my Pen and paper layes,
My trembling hand, my pen from paper strayes,
Lest that thine eyes which shining made me iove you,
Should frowning on my suit, bid cease to move you,
So that I feare like one at his wits end,
Hoping to gaine, and fearing to offend :
But whilst like clouds tost up and downe the ayre,
I wracked hang 'twixt hope and sad despaire,
Despaire is beaten, vanquisht from the field,
And unto conquering hope doth yeeld :
For if that nature love to beautie offers,
And beauty shun the love that nature proffers,
Then, either unjust beauty is too blame,
With scorne to quench a lawfull kindled flame,
Or else unlawfully if love we must,
And be unlov'd, then nature is unjust :
Unjustly then Nature hath hearts created,
There to love most, where most their love is hated,
And flattering them with a faire-seeming ill,
To poysen them with beauties sugred Pill.

That he cannot leave to love, though commanded.

How can my Love in equity be blamed,
Still to importune though it ne're obtaine,
Since

Since though her face and voyce will me refraine,
Yet by her voyce and face I am inflamed.

For when (alas) her face with frownes is framed,
To kill my Love, but to revive my paine:
And when her voice commands, but all in vaine,
That love both leave to be, and to be named.

Her Syren voyce doth such enchantment move,
And though she frown, even frowns so lovely make her,
That I of force, am forced still to love,
Since that I must, and yet cannot forsake her:
My fruitlesse prayers shall cease in vaine to move her,
But my devoted heart nere cease to love her.

Vpon his Mistris hiding her face.

Goe wailing accents goe,
With my warm teates & scalding teares attended
To the author of my woe,
And humbly aske her why she is offended,
Say, Deare why hide you so,
From him your blessed eyes,
Where he beholds his earthly Paradise,
Since he hides not from you
His heart, wherein Loves heav'n you may view?

Vpon begging a Kisse.

Sorrow flowly killeth any,
Sudden joy soon murthers any,

Then

Then (sweet) if you woulde end me,
Tis a fond course with lingring griefe to spend me ;
For quickly to dispatch me,
Your only way is, in your armes to catch me ;
And give me Dove-like kisses,
For such excessive and unlookt for blisses,
Will so much over-joy me,
As they will straight destroy me.

To Cupid.

A H Cupid, I mistooke thee,
Al for an Archer, and ne Fencer tooke thee,
But as a Fencer oft faines blowes and thrusts,
Where he intends no harme,
Then turnes his balefull arme,
And wounds that party which least his foe mistrusts :
So thou with fencing Art,
Faining to wound mine eyes, hast hit my heart.

To his heart being in thralldome.

N Ay, nay, thou striv'st in vaine my heart,
To mend thy misse,
Thou hast deservd to beare this smart,
And worse than this,
That wouldest thy selfe debase,
To serve in such a place.

C Thou

Thou thoughtst thy selfe too long at rest,
 Such was thy pride,
 Needs must thou seeke another brest,
 wherein to bide:
 Say now what hast thou founde
 In fetters thou art bound.

What hath thy faithfull service woon,
 But high disdaine?
 Broke is thy thred thy fancy spun,
 Thy labour vaine,
 Falne art thou now with paine,
 And canst not raise againe.

And canst thou looke for helpe of me
 In this distresse?
 I must confesse I pity thee,
 And can no lesse,
 But beare a while thy paine,
 For feare thou fall againe.

Learne by thy hurt to shun the fire,
 Play not with all?
 When climbing thoughts high things aspire,
 They seeke their fall:

Thou ween'st nought shone but gold,
 So wast thou blind and bold.

Yet lie not still for this disgrace,
 But mount againe,
 So that thou know the wished place
 Be worth thy paine;

Then

Then though thou fall and die,
Yet never feare to flic.

Vpon his Mistresse Beauty and voyce.

Passion may my judgement bleare,
Therefore sure I will not sweare;
That others are not pleasing,
But I speake it to my paine;
And my life shall be maintaine,
None else yeelds my heart easing.

Ladies I doe thinke there be
Others some as faire as she,
Though none have fairer features,
But my Turtle-like affection
Since of her I made election,
Scornes other fairest creature.

Surely I will not deny
But some others reach as high,
With their sweet warbling voyces,
But since her notes charm'd mine eare,
Even the sweetest tunes I heare,
To me seeme rude harsh noyses.

Vpon Visiting his Mistresse by Moone light.

The night say all, was made for rest,
And so say I, but not for all,

To them the darkest nights are best,
Which give them leave a sleep to fall,
But I that seek my rest by light,
Hate sleep and praise the clearest night.

Bright was the Moon as bright as day,
And *Venus* glistred in the West,
Whose light did lead the ready way,
That brought me to my wished rest:
Then each of them increased their light,
While I enjoy'd her heavenly sight.

Say, gentle Dames, what mov'd your minde,
To shine so bright above your wome,
Would *Phœbe* faire *Endimion* finde,
Would *Venus* see *Adonis* hunt,
No, no, you feared by her sight,
To lose the praise of beauty bright.

At last, for shame you shunke away,
And thought to reave the world of light,
Then shone my Dame with brightest ray,
Then that which comes from *Charis* sight,
None other light but her I praise,
Whose nights are clearer than the dayes.

*Vpon a scoffing laughter given by a
Gentlewoman.*

LAUGH not too much perhaps you are deceived,
All are not fooles that have but simple faces,
Mists

Mists are abroad things may be misconceived,
Trumpe and disdaines are favours in disgraces:

Now if you do not know what mean these speeches,
Fools have long coats, & Monkies have no breeches.

Ti' he againe, why what a grace is this,
Laugh a man out, before he can get in,
Fortune so croesse, and favour so amisse,
Doomesday at hand, before the world begin,
Marrie sir then, but if the weather hold,
Beauty may laugh, and love may be a cold.

Yet leave betimes your laughing too too much,
Or find the Fox, and then begin the chace,
Shut not a rat within the Sugar hutch,
And thinke you have a Squirill in the place:

But when you laugh, let this goe for a jest,
Seeke not a woodcocke in a Swallowes nest.

An invective against Women.

IF Women could be faire, and yet not fond,
Or that their love were firme, not fickle still:
I would not wonder that they make men bound,
By serving long to purchase their good will:
But when I see how fraile these creatures are,
I laugh that men forget themselves so farre.

To mark the choyce they make, and how they change,
How oft from *Phæbus* they doe change to *Pan*,

Unsettled still like haggards wild they range,
These gentle birds that flic from man to man,
Who would nor scorne and shake them from the
And let them goe faire fooles which way they list?

Yet for their sport we fawne and flatter both,
To passe the time when nothing else can please,
And traine them to our luse by subtill oath,
Till weary of our wills our selves we ease,
And then we say when we their fancy trie,
To play with fooles, O what a doult was I?

SONET.

Young men flic, when beauty darts
Amorous glances at your hearts,
The fixt marke gives the shooter ayme,
And Ladyes looks have power to maime,
Now twixt their lips, now in their eyes
Wrapt in a kisse, or smile-love lies;
Then flic betimes, for onely they
Conquer love that run away.

SONET.

Cupid calls, O young men come,
And bring my wanton harvest home
When the birds most sweetly sing,
And flowers are in their prime,

No

No season but the spring,
Is Cupids harvest time.

SONET:

I
N to loves field, or Garden walke,
Where Virgins dandle on their stalle,
Blowne, and playing at fiftene,
And poynting to their beds,
Come bring your fickle then,
And reape their maiden heads.

SONET:

To his Mistresse confid

O
Thinke not Phoebe cause a cloud,
Doth now thy silver brightnesse throwde,
My wandring eyes,
Can stoope to common beauties of the skie,
Rather be kind, and this eclipse,
Shall neither hindre eye nor lippe

For we shall meet,
Within our hearts, and kisse when none shall see't.

Nor canst thou in the prison be,
Without some loving signe of me,
When thou doest spie,
A Sunne beame peep into the roome, 'tis I:

For I am bid within that flame,
And thus into the Chamber came,
To let thee see,
What a Martyrdom I burne for thee.

SONG.
When thou doest touch the Lute, thou maist
Thinke on my heart, on which thou playst,
Wherach sad Tone,
Upon the strings doth shew my deeper groane,
When thou doest please they small rebound,
With nimble aire strooke to the sound,
Of thine owne voice,
Oh thinke how much I tremble and rejoice.

There's no sad picture that doth dwell
Upon thy Arras wall, but well
Resembles me,
No matter though our age doth not agree :
Love can make old as well as time,
And he that doth but twenty clyme,
If he dare prove
As true as I, shewts fourscore yeres in Love.

Sonnet on his Mistresse.

The purest piece of nature is my choice,
to morrowes death,
and this dayes breath,
Have certaine doomes from her all charming voyce,
So beyond faire, that no glasse can her flatter ;
so sweetly milde,
that tongue defil'd,

Dare

Dare not on her, their envious stories scatter,
The wittie formes of beauty that are shed,

In flowing stremes

From Poets Theames,

Like shadowes, when her selfe are fled.

Oh let me live in t'heaven of her bright eye,

Great love I'le be thy constant votary.

A Madrigall.

Coy Celia, dost thou see
Yon hollow mountaine tottering o're the plaine,
o're which a fatall Tree
With treacherous shades betraies the sleeping Swaine?

Beneath it is a Cell
As full of horrour, as my breast of care.

Ruine therein might dwell,
And fit a roome for guilt, and blacke despaire.

There will I headlong throw
This wretched weight, this heape of miserie,
And in the dust below,
Bury my carcase, and the thought of thee.

Which when I finisht have,
O, hate me dead as thou hast done alive,
And come not neare my grave,
Leaft I take heare from thee, and so revive.

D. Jones

Sonet Antiphastical, to loves fire:

Surely Love is but a water,
Dew of early clouds of nature,
A dew which on the pricks of Roses,
Venus Lime-twigs, she reposes.

Clouds which from their youthfull fire,
Rise in smoke of loose desire,
Borne up by hopes, and rapt by feares
Vanish straight, or melt by teares.

Venus made out of the water
Of the Ocean, shewes her nature,
In those selfe-betraying eyes,
Envious Cupid doth so prize.

When those corps are crown'd with teares,
Twinkling statres swim in their Spheares;
So eyes in water, drencht to prove
The heart first mover, drown'd in Love.

SONET.

His Mistresse unkindnesse.

IPray thee leave, love me no more,
Call backe the heart you gave me;
I but in vaine the Saint adore:
That can, but will not love me.

Show

Show me no more those sunny breasts,
 With azure rivelets branched ;
 Where though my eyes with pleasure feasts,
 Yet is my thirst not stanched.
 Those poore halfe kisses kill me quite,
 Was ever man thus served,
 A mid'st the Ocean of delight,
 For pleasure to be starved :
 O Tansalm, thy paines aere tell,
 By me thou art prevented ;
 No wonder to be plagu'd in hell :
 But in heaven to be tormented.

A Pastorall of Phillis and Coridon.

ON a hill there growes a flower,
 Faire befall the gentle sweet :
 By that flower there is a Bower,
 Where the heavenly Muses meet.
 In that Bower there is a Chaire
 Fringed all about with gold,
 Where doth sit the fairest faire,
 That did ever eye behold.
 It is *Phillis* faire and bright,
 She that is the Shepheards joy,
 She that *Venus* did despight,
 And did blind her little Boy :
 This is she, the wife, the rich,
 That the world desires to see,
 This is *Ipsa que* the which,
 There is none but onely she.

Who would not this face admire,

Who would not this Saint adore,

Who would not this sight desire,

Though he thought to see no more?

O faire eyes! but let me see,

One good looke, and I am gone,

Looke on me, for I am hee

Thy poore silly *Coridon*.

Thou that art the Shepheards Queen,

Looke upon thy silly *Swaine*,

By thy comfort have beene seene

Dead men brought to live againe.

AN ODE.

Cupids Marriage with dissimulation.

A New found match is made of late,

Blind *Cupid* needs will change his wife,

New-fangled Love doth *Pische* hate,

With whom so long he lead his life,

Dissembling, she,

The Bride must be,

To please his wanton Eye.

Pische laments

That Love repents

His choyce without cause, why

Citheron

Citheron sounds with Musick strange,
Unknowne unto the Virgins nine,
From flat to sharp the tune doth range,
Too base, because it is too fine :

See how the Bride,
Pufft up with pride,
Can mince it passing well,
She trips on toe
Full faire to show,
Within doth poyson dwell.

Now wanton Love at last is sped,
Dissembling, is his onely joy,
Bare truth from *Venus* Court is fled,
Dissembling pleasures hides annoy.

It were in vaine,
To talke of paine,
The wedding yet doth last.
Bare paine is neare,
And will appear,
With a dissembling cast.

Despaine and hope are joyn'd in one,
And paine with pleasure linked sure.
Not one of these can come alone,
No certaine hope, no pleasure pure.
Thus sowre and sweet
In Love doe meet,
Dissembling likes it so,
Of sweet small store,
Of sowre the more,
Love is a pleasant woe.

I. Satyre.

All haile Tom Tofpot, welcome to the coast,
 What Paris newes can't brag of, or make boast?
 Thy phisnomy bewrayes thou can't relate
 Some strange exploits attempted in the state.
 I know th'ast courted *Venus* lustyng Dames,
 'Twas thy intent when thou took'it ship on *Thames*,
 Let's sympathize thy hap, enjoy some sport,
 What art thou senselesse, dead-drunk, all a mōr?
 Gallants this abject object which you see,
 Is an old picture of Gentilitie.
 With *Corias* he travelled hath, by land,
 To see Chrits Crosse, the Tree where *Iudas* hang'd,
Divelin and *Amsterdam* his Sea-crab pace,
 With other Countries moe did often trace.
 Earths circled orbe, he frequent trudged, went,
 With leſſe expences then *Tom O'dame* spent,
 With fewer cloaths though furnishit with moe shifts,
 With sparing dyer, few received gifts.
 Tom had one paire of stockings, shooes, one suite,
 But *Tofpot's* case *Tom Coxcombs* doth confute,
 For he hath travell'd all earths globe a foot,
 Without whole cloaths, good stockin, shooe or boot.
 Yet (God be thank't) he is return'd all whole.
 Tom had assistants at his Bookes report,
 But *Tofpot* travell'd voyd of all confort,
 Having no creature with him whiles he slept,
 Or walk't, but such as in his bosome crept.
Tofpot detests all cloaths, hates new found forme,
 Unless

Unless it were no cloaths at all were worne.
 He is no boasting *Thraso* which will vant,
 Of his adventures, penury and scant.
 Yet if you please to read my slender Muse,
 I shall describe the humour he doth use :
 Tobacco, Bottle-ale, hot Pippin-pies :
 Such trafficke, Merchandise he daily buyes.
 With belly-timber he doth cram his gut,
 With double Ing's doth his Oretis glut,
 Sweares a God, dam-me for the Tapsters shots,
 And may pledge no health lesse then with two pots.
 He has a sword to pawn in time of need,
 A perfet beggers phrase wherwith to plead,
 For maintenance, when his exhausted store,
 Is profuse lavisht on some pockie whore.
 Tibornes triangle trees will be the thing,
 Must send this knave to heaven in a string.

2. *Satyre of the insatiare woman.*

MY treatise next must touch before 'tis late,
 MA woman-creature most unsatiare :
 See this incarnate monster of her sex,
 Play the *Virago*, unasham'd perplext.
 See *Omphale* her effeminate King,
 Basely captive, make him doe any thing :
 Her whole discourse is of *Guy Warwicke* armes,
 Of certainte Knights or of blind *Cupids* charmes,
 Her civill gesture is to faine a lye,
 In decent phrase, and true orthography :

Her

Her modest, blushing, immodest shame, O fie,
 'Tis grand disgrace to blush, indignity,
 She counts her but a Nazard, halte amost,
 That will not nimbly use dame *Venus* spojt,
 To kisse, to cull, t'admire her painted face,
 And doe no more, ignoble, vile disgrace,
 With costly ungagements she paints her browes,
 Calls them the Palace of chaste *Hymens* vowed,
 And yet this statne for her honor'd trade,
 With every vassallie will be underlaid,
 Her sole delighte is fixed in a Fan, on whose
 Or to walke usher'd by a proper man,
 Nature hath polisht each t'temall part
 Of this vile dame with Oratories Art,
 Doe but conferre and note her private speech,
 Her divine frame, will passe your humane reach,
 Shee'l complement, Pathetically A & C in his basl field
 A tragicke Story, or a fatall fact.

Lively discover *Cupid* and his Bowe,
 Manage his savage Quiver in her browe,
 Court so compleatly, rarely tune a song,
 That she will seeme a *Dido* for her tongue,
 And by the vertue of all-conquering sight,
 Infuse even life in him that has no spright,
 Yet this proud *Iezabell* so nice, demure,
 Is but a painted Sepulchre impure,
 Though she bestow her vigilancie, care,
 In coyning phrases, pouncing of her hayre :
 Yet are her Legends, golden masse of wit,
 But like *Apocrypha*, no sacred writ,
 Cease austere Muse, this counterfeit to touch,
 Y'have spoke Satyricall, I doubt too much,

Ile rather pitty then Envie invay,
Their Kalender of wretch'dnesse to display :
Shutting my Muse in silence, least she strip,
This Saint-like creature with a *Satyres* whip.

3. *Satyre, of gracelesse Grace.*

Now in the name of Fate what Saint is shee,
That keeps a shop of publicke brothelrie ?
Habors the sharking Lawyer for his pence,
And Martyr-like consumes his evidence :
Nusles my damned Atheist, makes him curse
Nature and fortune, that his thin-lin'd purse,
Should be depriv'd of crowns : doe you aske what, &c.
This Saint was sent from th'arie Regiment.

A *Sodome* Apple, a lascivious staine,
To vertuous habite, or a whore in graine.
A suck-blood *Hyene*, taining Crocodile,
Worse then the monster bred on th'banks of Nyle,
A purple strumpet, gangrene to the State,
Earths curse, hells-blisse, soules-soyle & Angels hate.
Pitty-fac'd Devill of a ginger pace,
Gracelesse in all save that her name is *Grace* :
Soule running ulcer that infects the heart,
With painting, purfling and a face of Art :
Creature of her owne making, hollow Truncke,
A *Christian* Paganis'd with name of *Puncke*.
A cell, a hell, where she'l no others have,
The common Palliard-pandor, Baud, or slave,
A cage of uncleane birds, which is possest,
Of none save such as will defile their nest.

E

Where

Where bankrupt Factors to maintaine a state,
Forlorne (heaven knowes) and wholly desperate,
Turne valiant *Boults*, *Pimps* *Haxtars*, roaring-boyes,
Till flesht in blood, counting but murthers toyes,
Are forc't in th'end a dolefull *Psalme* to sing,
Going to heaven by *Derick* in a string.



To the R E A D E R.

Reader I here present you a Shrimpe-fish ;
I hope you'l make no bones to taste this dish,
It is no Carpe, unlesse you'l giv't that note :
Which if you doe, I wish 'twere in your throate.

Vpon two Ladys in strife for the wall.

Two Madams once were striving for the wall,
Each standing much on tearmes of worthiness,
The one but young (howbeit rich withall)
The other ancient, tho of substance lesse,
Said, soft and faire till time hath tane fruition,
Your Ladiship is of the last Edition.

To Quindeno the Lawyer.

As often as my *Tinder-box* I see,
So oft *Quindeno* doe I thinke on thee :
Thy Clyents fall together by the eares,
Like steele and flint, and each the other weares.

Whil'st

Whil'st underneath thou like the willy Fox,
Purſeſt th eir golden ſparkes within thy box,
And art by Torch-light uſher'd thorow Towne,
While (fooles) ith' dark they ſtumble up and downe.

To Ciclus his tryall of all Trades.

Ciclus the Souldier and Civitian
The Pandar, Painter, and Musician,
Saw nothing could be gotten by the Arts,
By wit, by fortunes friendship or deserts,
Is now a late turn'd foole and gotten more,
Then he could doe with all his wit before:

To exceeding Paspaedes.

ASwell as moſt men Paspaedes they ſay,
Theu ſing'ſt, canſt ſet, and on a Vyoll play,
Pourtray in oyle, and parle the languages,
Fence, dance, diſcourse of State and policies :
Few would beleeve it, till I told them how,
Moſt men can none at all, no more canſt thou.

Of Severus reading my Booke.

Severus having over-look't my rymes,
With rugged brow, and cought a dozen times ;
This fellow ſaith, hath ſure a pretty wit,
Great pitty thus he hath imploied it.

O Bendi heder a vinum.

A Scoffing mate, passing along Cheapeside,
Incontinent a gallant Lasselespi'd;
Whose tempting breasts (as to the saile laid out,)
Incites this youngster thus to gin to flour,
Lady (quoth he) is this flesh to be shoul'd?
No Lord (quoth she) for silver nor for gold,
But wherefore aske you? (and there made a stop)
To buy (quoth he) or else shut up your shop.

Vpon two Ladyes.

TWO Citty Ladyes, pendants of the Court,
Where late I liv'd, did commonly resort,
And in the garden one day as they walked,
Thus gathering flowers each to other talked:
What lives (good Lord) these Country creatures lead,
O're one of us within the Citty bred?
What dainty flowers, what Arbors, walkes, & trees,
Poore soules they have, & look where stand the Bees,
Goodnesse a me, see Madam where Thrift growes,
My sweet-heart loves not it should touch his nose:
And by my patience, quoth the other, I
As ill abide this scury *honesty*,
It beares no flower nor casteth any smell,
Yet Country Ladyes wear't and like it well.

Vpon Vertue Mistresse Milla's Maid.

SAith Aristotle, vertue ought to be
Communicative of her selfe and free,
And

And hath not *Vertue Mila's* maid beeene soe,
Who's growne hereby as big as she can goe?

Upon Boone.

When unto *Boone* a book was brought to sweare,
He praide the Judge he wold that labour spare,
For there's no oath (quoth *Boone*) that you can name,
But perfect I without book have the same.

Se fuit Adultera castam.

No, who from her window glanſt her eyes,
Saw *Mopſus* come, as fast as foot could trot,
For joy whereof, upon her bed ſhe lies,
As who would thinke, ſhe ſlept and ſaw him not,
'Twas very ſtrange, unleſſe ſhe meant herein,
Her eyes ſhould not be open to her ſin.

Degeneres animos arguit.

Monsieur *Montanus* is no little man,
Of unapproved valour to his ſoe,
Perwade or woe him with what words you can,
He'll be revenged all the world muſt know.
But when he found one with his wife in bed,
For feare or shame he durſt not ſhow his head.

Rubins glory is soone vanisched.

I Pray sir, did you note on Sunday last,
 How richly *Rubin* was apparell'd ?
 Well may he be compared to a blast,
 Or like to one that's Metamorphosed.
 For the next morning ere the day did dawne,
 All that he wore, and more, was layd to pawne,

To *Emson*.

*E*ms^{on} thou once in Dutch would court a wench,
 But to thy cost she answered thee in French.

Quae placuit Domino nupta est Ancilla sedulit.

*M*adame *Rugosa* knowes not where to find,
 One Chamber-maid of ten to please her mind :
 But yet my Lord so likes their comely car'age,
 As he perfers them to his men in marr'age.

Quid queat esse diu?

*S*ignior *Fantomas* ne'r such pleasure found,
 In any thing as in a deep mouth'd hound,
 Small was that pleasure, when upon one day,
 He lost his haire, and hunted all away.

SATUR

Satis est ditescere fama.

CLitem with Clyents is well customed,
That hath the Law but little studyed;
No matter *Clitem*, so they bring thee fees,
How ill the case, and thy advice agrees.

Timidus fortuna repellit.

When Miles the Serving-man my Lady kist,
She knew him not (though scarcely could resist
So sweet a youth and well apparelled)
Had not the dunce himselfe discovered.
For this, quoth he, my master bad me say —
Which hearing made her frowne and flying away,
Why thus it is, when fooles must make it knowne,
They come on others busynesse, not their owne.

Vpon Crab:

Crab being caught, and in the Sergeants power,
For shame and anger lookt both red and fower,

Sequitur post gaudia lugere.

AY me (quoth Amy) who would ere have thought,
So great a mischiefe should arise of naught,
Which

Which had she knowne ere she began to swell,
Each yard of pleasure should have prov'd an ell.

Of Cajus, his amissing a blot that lost his game.

Cajus his Love came to his chamber late,
But he that Grace did not congratulate,
But with too bashfull chat, who for the same,
(Missing to take her Blot) quite lost his game.

Merchants wives conjuring.

Some Merchants wives conjure their Maids, in
With wands enchanting, working wonders so:
But on their husbands heads some conjure hornes,
By their familiars still with them below.

Friscus secret jesting with a too earnest Lady.

Friscus in secret jesting with a Lady,
(Which jesting Chaucer far more broadly stiles)
Who fearing fainting, call'd him foole and baby;
But he with jesting plid her all the whiles:
Then if she cal'd him foole she did not fable,
For fooles are ever jesting with their Bable.

Julias Bookishnesse.

*I*ulia is Bookish, and doth study still,
To fashion *Natures* favours to her will:
Her Mirrour is her booke, her time to passe,
And so she ever studies on her Glasse.

Against perfumed persons.

*T*hey that smell least, smell best, which intimates,
They smell like beasts that smell like Givet-cats.

Against Doctor Tangus his swelling Physicke.

*T*angus, the Physick Doctor loves a whore
Better then giving Physick to the poore.
He hath the art of baudry better farre
Than Physick, yet in both, doth make and marre;
He makes a maid a whore, so marres her quite,
And makes a sound man sick, or dead out-right.
What Virgin can resist, when he doth boast,
He can restore her Maiden-head, if lost;
Which at her marriage shall be found as strikt,
As any girles that love did nere affixt.
When he doth promise by a Physickfeat,
To let the wombe and paps from growing great;
To give her unguents and complections store,
To make her *Beauties* rare reflexions more,
To keep her body still in healthfull state,
And make her merry in despight of fate:
Which having will to promise, skill to do,
What wench can chuse but love and please him too?
Tangus your Art, your nature truly hats,
That helps or hinders loves still burning fits;

F

But

But take heed (*Tangus*) how you empty still,
 The wombes which you with working Phyfick fill,
 Least some repentant wench which us'd you have,
 Say at her end you us'd her like a knave ;
 Then let me thee admonish (without stripes)
 Give no more Phyfick with such Glister-pipes.

Covetous Patrons.

Patrons are Latrons, then by this,
 Th'are worst of greedy people,
 Whose Cognizance a wolves-head is,
 And in his mouth a steeple.

Lucillas white going.

Lucilla lightly all in white doe goe,
 To lay her chasfity a whitning so.

Of no fish call'd a Salmon.

A Man call'd Salmon, Sivers banks dwelt under,
 That his wife Salmon spawnd then, was no woder.

Stophus mairyed a faire foole.

Stophus with his great wit, a foole hath wed,
 Strange death, the living's bound so to the dead.
Womens

womens Maskes.

TIt seemes that Maskes doe women much disgrace,
Sith when they weare them they do hide their face.

*Beares baited loose is the worste of loose
sports, and why.*

ILike not (of loose sports) Beares baitings play,
Sith Beares broke loose, teach men to run away.

Of much promising.

LOrds promise soone, but to performe are long,
Then would their purse-strings were ty'd to their
(tongue.

To Severus.

BElieve *severus*, that in these my rymes,
I taske no person, but the common crymes:

Vpon Hugh.

HVgh should have gouento Oxford th'other day,
But turn'd at Tiborne, and so lost his way.

Of Jack-cut purse.

Jack-cut-purse is, and hath beene patient long.
For he's content to pocket up much wrong.

Bell the Tinker.

Bellthough thou dye decrepit, lame, forlorne,
Thou wast a man of Metall, Ile be sworne.

Crooke-backs payment.

Crook-back to pay old scores will sell his state,
And though he do, he'l never make all straight

Barbars care.

Neat Barber Trim, I must commend thy care,
Which doest all things exactly, to a haire.

Cafe is altered.

Tom Cafe (some doe report) was lately haltered,
If this be true, why then the case is altered.

Of Stupid Binus.

Sith time flies fast away, his fastest flight,
Binus prevents with dreaming day and night.

The

The Prodigall and the Miser allone.

THe ding Thrift and the Misers fault's all one,
For neither wots how well to use his owne.

Of Flavias lookes after her fall.

Flavia lookes feebly since she caught a fall,
So lookes as if she could not doe withall.

Against Gella and her Consumption.

Gella is light and like a candle wasteth,
Ev'n to the snaffe that stinketh more it lasteth.

Offalſe praise.

THe praise of Arts, wch ill we deeme,
Like smoake goes out as soone as scene.

In medio conficit virtus.

A Gallant courting of a game-some maid,
Said, sweet, oh let me kisse your hands and feet
In signe of humblest love ! good sir (she said)
Both those for your sweet lips are most unmeet,
" But vertue's in the mid' st, than (vertue) there,
If you will kisse you may, if not forbearc.

Against Ladyes fantastical attire.

IF Ladyes manners with their gaudes agree,
Then they seeme such they would not seeme to be ;
But if they would not be as thare in sight,
Let them not weare what makes them seeme so light.

Malsters ill measure.

SUCH Malsters as ill measure sell for gaine,
Are not meete knaves, but also knaves in graine.

Vpon Divine Roscios.

TWO famous Roscios chanc't I to espie,
Acting a Metamorphosis, while I,
Sleep under the covert of a shady wood,
Where great *Archias* for the Empire stood :
Who did their severall actions thus define,
Art-full the one, the other most divine.

Drunken promises.

YOU promise mountaines unto me,
When ever night starke drunke you be :
But nothing you performe next day,
Henceforth be morning drunke, I pray.

The worlds in a Band.

AFELLOW judg'd to dye for filching ware,
At his confession did himselfe compare,

In

In Metaphors unto the world, wherein
Contained is the Centinell of sin.
The hang-man hearing this, when he had pray'd,
Began to scoffe, and thus deriding said:
I may attempt what I desire, wer't land,
For why? I have the world now in a Band.

The Woman Cuckold.

Francisco wants he gave his wife the horne,
She frowns, she frets, and takes the newes in scorne;
And though you did (quoth she) yet you indeed,
Must weare the horne, because you are the head.

A Cuckold.

ACuckold is a dangerous beast, why so?
Nam Cornu ferit ille: Cayeto.

Rest in motion.

All motion ceaseth when it hath it's end,
So say *Philosophers*, then how is it,
That *Caius* loving long old *Kate* (his friend)
Love being a motion in marryage knit,
Doth beat her every day; what rest is this?
Why, rest of *Love*, while hate in motion is.

Dols a drab, and yet no Courtezan.

APunk's call'd Courteran, of courtesie;
Then *Dol's a Drab*, and yet no Courtezan;
For

For with her friends she deales most cruelly,
And in loves skirmish spoyleth many a man :
Yet is she kind and courteous where she takes,
And plaies with them, but sed' they have their stakes.

On traversing the error of an action.

One Lawyer once anothers wife did woe,
That she with him would enter Action too,
The issue joyn'd the husband wronged soe,
Seeing the intruder, quite his wife ore' throwe ;
He right well swing'd them both for that compaction,
So canvased the error of their Action.

*Of womens Metamorphosis, according to the
time and place.*

Some women are in Churches Saints or more,
Angels abroad, at home too like the Devil,
At windowes Syrens, Parrots at the dore ;
And in their gardens Goates, or more uncivill :
And Tradesmen that ne're match till they have much,
In deadly danger are to meet with such.

Against promise breaking.

Venus doth promise much, yet still doth breake,
So all his promises are great and weake,
Like Bubbles in the water, (round and light)
Swelling so great that they are broke out-right.

No

No good wives in London,

THe Countri's full of good wives, specially
The wives of all the clownes and yeomantry;
But Tripe-wives, Broom-wives, Oyster-wives & all,
We still in London Mistresses doe call:
Then London hath no good wives, sith they abide
All in the Country better to be try'd.

Fast and loose.

Paphew was married all in hast,
And now to rack doth run:
So knitting of himselfe too fast,
He hath himselfe undone.

A Man in Print.

A Man in Print, once such a man I saw,
Who whipt but vice in print, and then did draw
Himselfe in print, so much in print, that he
Comes thus in print, reformat'd in print to be.
While he that whipt but vice in print doth forme,
For being a vice in print, so much in forme.

Against the bare breſts of young women.

Why bare ye so your breſts audacious Dames?
Is it to give mens eyes a taste of that,
You yet doe hide, t'augment their lustfull flames?
Or else to draw their tongues to wanton chat?

G

It

It seemes y'are hot, that so low naked goe,
And looke for cooling at some vent below.

Laugh and lye downe.

I See and laugh, still laugh at what I see,
Democritus hereing, I play thy part:
I see some Mad-dames, honest held to be,
That oft in sport do (VV-) it by their art:
Yet meereley seeme chaste, till they be nie downe,
So still I laugh, to see them laugh, and lye downe.

*Master Glaius and bright Mistresse Grace, alight.
one that lightned a worke of darknesse.*

Grace in the darke, stood full in *Glaius* way, (day,
Whose bravery (like the Sun) turn'd night to
She would not moove although she mov'd him much,
Nor speake, although he did her homely touch;
Yea touch her to the quick in sinfull case,
So *Glaius* quickly deadly sin'd with *Grace*.

Turpe senilis amor.

Old doting *Clandus* doth in haste desire,
With beauteous young *Penelope* to wed;
Whose frozen appetite is set on fire,
Untill the match be throughly finished.
Indeed as good dispatch as make delay,
That must be horned on his wedding day.

Natura

Natura paucis contenta.

MECU is now become a frugall fire,
That spends no more then nature doth require;
And yet his wife will proove a traveller,
Although but once a yeere he lye with her.

Frustra timer qui sperat nihil.

TUsh hang it, have at all (sayes Curio)
Comes not duze ace, as soone as six and three;
Who would not halfe his land forgo,
Then be out-dar'd by such a one as hee.
Dammee Ile venture all upon a cast,
Wer't not as good turne Rogue at first as last?

Impar impares edit.

SOEU hates wisemen, for himselfe is none,
And fooles he hates, because himselfe is one.

The civill Devil.

IT chanc't one evening as I went abroad
To cheere my cares, and take away my load
Of disagreeing passions, which were bred,
By the distemper of a troubled head;
Midst of my walke, spying an Alley doore,
Which (I protest) I never spyyed before,
I entred in, and being entred in,
I found the entry was to th' house of sin;

G 2

Yet

Yet much I wondred how sin there could be,
Where the sins protestesse shew'd most modestie.

The honest Lawyer.

Sprightly (my Muse) speak like the son of thunder,
And with a full mouth ring out Albions wonder :
No Sussex Dragon, no Virginian,
But of a Lawyer that's an honest man,
Whose definition (if you wish to know)
Is a blak Swan, faire Moore, or milke-white Crow ;
He takes no fees till he conceives the cause,
Nor with an oyly bribe annonts his jawes ;
He wants the use of feeling, feares heav'ns curse,
Strings not his conscience with his Clyents purse.

A Castered Courtier.

CWrius Lampert (as he doth confessse)
For he was tane in the nieke of the busynesse,
H'as done, soone done, God wot a worthy deed,
Setting the Cougts wrath on the Citties head,
But for his wrath, before one termes demurre,
He was degraded of his Courtly spurre,
True badge of honour : and from that time swore,
Ne're to approach the Citties confines more.

Anagramma.

How riches free'd adorn a Gull.

Wise is that foole that hath his coffers full,
And riches freed adorn the veriest Gull,

Yet

Yet but uncase the Aſſe, and you ſhall fee,
An Aſſe is ſtill an Aſſe, and ſo is hee.

Vpon Tarbon a Countrey Gentleman.

Tarbon (they ſay) is melancholly growne,
Because his wife takes physick in the Towne,
Why? that's no cauſe, who would not hazard faire,
To leave both land, and name unto his heire;
Yea, but he doubts (ſo jealous is the man)
That the physick works not, but Physician;
Which if he find, he ſweares he meaneſs to call
The child not Tarbon, but young Urinall.

The Courtier.

Now heav'n preſerve mine eyeſight, what is here,
A man made up in wainscot? now I ſweare
I tooke him for ſome Cololle; ſure I erre,
This is not he, yes, 'tis the Courtier:
Brave *Pun-te vallo*, for thoſe Armes he beares,
An Aſſe head rampant, and that chaine he weares,
By bleſt S. *Martin*, doe deſcrie it's he;
Well, I'le obſerve his carriage narrowly.

Like to like.

Vpon a time (as I informed am)
A ſuburbes baud and Countrey Gentleman,
Comming at the doore where I doe lye,
A gallant ruffling wench chanc't to paſſe by,

Which the Baud observing--- sir I pray you see,
 How like yon Gallant, and my daughter be,
 Indeed they much resemble both in face,
 Painting complexion, and in huffing pace;
 Yea I should say ne're any, two were liker,
 If this be as thy daughter is a striker.

Brawling contention.

Two rayling creatures fell at strife,
 and such a clamour made,
 That people passing by, stood still
 to harken what they said,
 Amongst the rest a woman com's
 demanding of the rout,
 I pray (quoth she) what is the cause
 of all this falling out?
 One presently made answer thus,
 you are a whore (quoth he)
 Thou art an arrant scurvy knave,
 and rascall rogue, said she,
 Why thus (quoth he) these two fell out
 the quarrell that they have,
 Began at first as we doe know
 with calling whore, and knave.

A Prize.

Three darlings have I, and I know not which
 To make a wife on: first is meetely rich,

Faire,

Faire, wise, but we in faith be different,
And where that is there can be no content.
The next, as loving as the Turtle is,
Whose lippe distils pure Nectar with her kisse.
But this my feare is, her nature is so prone
To give content, she cannot keepe to one.
The third is rich, and wise, and well adorn'd
With inward graces, but she is deform'd.
So as for all that I doe treasure lacke,
I would not get it on Camels backe.
Which shoulde I have of these, they all love me,
One must I have, I cannot have all three.

In Briseum.

Briscus (his father being dead) was told,
And found (ere long) where was his fathers gold,
All Angels rich, but poorely clad in leather;
Briscus tooke pitty on them, and straight hither,
Sends some for Satin, other some for Tissue,
Gloves, Scarfes, Hats, Hangers, but make the issue,
They all being free'd, did all consent together,
And their flight poore Briscus knowes whither,
Which he laments, blaming those former Kings,
Who made a Law he might not clip their wings.

On Luces maintainance.

He that takes paines shall get, the Proverb goes;
But Luce take pleasure, yet doth nothing lose,
Poore

Poore labouring Portars with much toyle and sw eat,
 Scarce get sufficient victuals for to eat ;
 But if that *Luce* at any time doth lacke,
 She with her belly can maintaine her backe.

In Cornutum.

Why should *Cornutus* wife lye in the Strand,
 And he poore silly man lye in the City ;
 Belike the shop was not sufficient man'd,
 To part the head and members, yet 'tis pitty,
 But what cares she for head, I hope she scornes,
 Were he seaven heads, she'd crown them all with horns.

On Age.

IF we love things long sought for, age is a thing
 That we are fifty yeeres a compassing.

Vpon Church where bunter.

Here lyes a Church triumphant full in evill,
 That never fought with sin, the world, nor devill,
 But still with flesh he changed friendly knocks,
 And so to shun the Plague, dy'd of the *Pox*.

Vpon faire Mistresse Eliz. Ambar.

Reader stay, see who lyes here,
 Attracting *Ambar* shining cleare ;

Yet

Yet death that clearnesse cloudeth now ;
But being bright, it shineth through.

Vpon a Colliar.

Here lies the Colliar *jenkin Asbes*,
By whom death nothing gain'd he swore,
For living he was dust and *Asbes*,
And being dead he is no more.

Vpon a young Gentlewoman.

Stay doe not passe, here fixe your eyes,
Upon a Virgins Obsequies,
Pay tribute to a troubled heart,
Tis but one teare before you part ;
And what are teares ? they are but stremes
Of sorrow, which like frightfull dreames
Disturbe our senses, yet I crave,
No other sacrifice to have.
But if you passe and let fall none,
Y're harder then this marble stome.
Your love is colder, and your eyes
Are senselesse of my miseries.

Vpon a great Vsurer.

Ten in the hundred lies under this stome,
And a hundred to ten but to'th Devill he's gone.

On a young Gentlewoman.

Nature (in this small volume) was about
To perfe& what in women was left out :
But fearing least a peece so well begun
Might want preservatives when she was young,
Ere she could finish what she undertooke,
Threw dust upon it and shut up the Booke.

Of one that loved Sack as his soule.

Good Reader blesse thee, be affur'd,
The spirit of Sack lies here immurd,
Who havoc't all he could come by
For Sack, and here quite sacket doth lye.

Of a curſe wife.

IF it be true what I heare tell,
That some affirme the grave is hell :
And if that hell be then so neere,
The veriest Devil in hell, lyes here.

One that dyed with griefe a few dayes after
her husband.

HE first deceased, she a little cry'd,
To live without him lik't it not and dy'd.

A double fellow ill composed:

Here lies one double in his grave;
For he was still a foole and knave.

Vpon faire Elizabeth Butter.

Here lies sweet *Butter* turn'd to grasse,
To make sweet *Butter* as it was.

Vpon John Death a good fellow.

Here *Deaths* inter'd that liv'd by bread,
Then all should live, now *Death* is dead.

On a selfe conceited foole.

Here lies a man that was an *Aife*;
Then sure he's better then he was.

One that cheated his father.

Here lies a man who in a span
Of life, beyond his fatherran.

On an Usurer.

HE lies on *Ten per Cent.*
In deathhouse, and payes no rent:



*An Elegie by the Author, upon the death of his deare
father, Master Edward Picke.*

TO tell my losse so well to each man knowne,
Were to lament my selfe, not him that's gone:
That were to cry out helpe to those that ly,
By the same griefe dead to eternity.
But yet that men may fully understand,
Know 'twas my father, even by whose hand,
I first had breath, and I will give him fame,
By writing in a double kind his name:
I doe confess he's gone, and yet my losse,
If tould is undervalued, so grosse,
So young are my complaints, that I lament,
In petty notions, sorrowes rudiment:
My infant teares yet knowe not all my woe,
Because I knew not all that was to grow
In him a graft all hope, but riper yeeres,
Shall teach me how to parallell my teares,
And so improve I may, (as he did grow
In vertue) daily thriving in my woe:
Did we not lose enough when *Adam* fell,
By thee curst fruit? but thou must longer still,

Produce

Produce our mysteries, and when w' are best,
By tempting one must murther all the rest.
Was he too good for earth, and did heaven call,
To have him there; so that he needs must fall?
If so, 'tis well, for it was equity,
Man-kind and he by the same fate should dye.
But though th'art dead, thy memory survives,
And thy good deeds shall outlast others lives.

S A. P I C K.

An Elegie upon the death of his deare friend Mistresse
PRISCILLA WADL.

Here though her spot-lesse span-long life be spent,
Are silent steps to shew where goodness went.
Nature did in such rare compleatnesse make her,
To shew her Art, and so away did take her.
For she was onely to us wretches lent
For a short time to be our president.
Goods we inherite daily, and possession.
O, that in goodnes were the same succession!
For then before her soule to heaven she breathed,
She had to each of us a part bequeathed,
Of her true wealth; and closing thus her eyes,
Would have enrich'd her sex with Legacies.

S A. P I C K.

Upon the death of Mistreſſe Sarah Wadl.

WEEPE, weepe, your sorrowes are well paid,
For 'tis a Virgin here is layd,
You that shall ſee this Monument,
And cannot at this fight lament,
The conuicte marble will you ſhow
How to diſcharge your comely woe.
Either you may the occation fit,
By melting into teares like it.
Or if you puniſh not your eye
By weeping, cauſe it fatally.
Behold her Tombe, then may you moane,
By ſtanding stupid, like the ſtone.
Yet both theſe sorrowes are well paid,
For 'tis a Virgin here is laid.

FINIS.

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